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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Much Ado About Nothing.

HERE is an interesting story about the engraving of "La Rixe," which is reproduced—about a third smaller than the original—in the present number of THE ART AMATEUR. It was made about the year 1859 by M. Paul Chenay, who, it was agreed, should receive payment by instalments as the work progressed. When the engraving was nearly completed Meissonnier refused to accept it or to pay for it, whereupon M. Chenay carried a proof of the first state of the plate to all the eminent engravers of Paris, and among others to MM. Leopold Flameng and Henriquel Dupont, who all declared it to be very good, and signed on the margin of the plate to that effect. On the strength of this testimony, M. Chenay brought an action against Meissonnier, and won his case, and the painter lost some 20,000 f. in the affair. The whole judgment was absurd, inasmuch as it was given on the strength of a first state of the plate, whereas Meissonnier complained of the badness of the final state—a badness which MM. Dupont and Flameng were the first to admit. As this engraving of "Le Rixe" was never published, proofs of it are rare.

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"LA RIXE" was first exhibited at the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1855. Viel-Castel, in his "Mémoires," under date August 28th, 1855, writes: "The Queen of England left yesterday; the fêtes during her stay have been magnificent. The Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, conducted by the Emperor and by their court, visited the Louvre. We received them in civil costume [M. de Viel Castel was Curator of the Louvre]. The Queen was very gracious. Her admiration for Paris, its monuments, and its museums broke out every instant. 'I am jealous of all that I see,' she kept repeating; 'I have nothing like it in England.' Prince Albert had greatly admired at the exhibition Meissonnier's picture 'Une Rixe'; the Emperor bought the picture for 25,000 f., and made a present of it to the prince." In the manuscript note-book of a friend, an eminent Parisian collector, under the date July 11th, 1859, I find this entry: "Went to Poissy this afternoon to see if I could buy a Meissonnier. He was out. Madame Meissonnier assured me that her husband had absolutely nothing either finished or begun, but asked me if I would like to see the studio. I accepted the invitation, and we went up. As we were going out again Madame Meissonnier said, 'Ah! I forgot. There is a picture here, but it does not belong to us. It has been sent back for my husband to get it engraved.' And going to a cupboard she drew out 'La Rixe.' 'Imagine, monsieur,' she continued, 'the Emperor paid M. Meissonnier for this picture the enormous price of 25,000 francs!'" This picture, for which five-and-twenty years ago \$5000 seemed to the painter's wife an enormous price, would now fetch in a public sale certainly \$100,000.

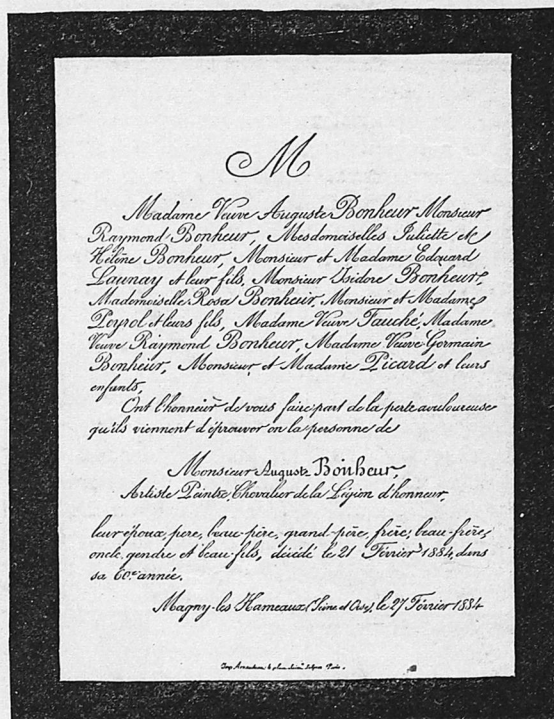
* * *

M. PAUL BAUDRY, Member of the Institute, the painter of the celebrated decorations of the Grand Opera, being unable to finish his picture in time for the Salon, demanded a few days' grace. The jury refused on the ground that if the privilege were granted to one it would have to be granted to all who asked. The consequence is that M. Baudry, having now finished his picture, exhibits it under exceptionally favorable conditions in the beautiful rooms of M. Georges Petit in the Rue Godot de Mauroi. The picture, about 9 x 6 feet, represents Eros and Psyche, or, as old-fashioned people would say, Cupid and Psyche. On a platform of pale gray-green marble is a Grecian bench of brown wood ornamented with marquetry and inlay of mother-of-pearl, running from side to side of the picture in perspective; at the further end of the bench is a torchère; at the near end a Greek tripod table with hinds' feet, legs, and heads of satyrs. In the left-hand corner a little winged cherub, sitting on a cushion, heats an arrow in the flame of a lamp. In the middle of the picture, or rather of the pediment of marble, is a glass vase, within it a branch of

apple blossom. A dove perched on the edge drinks; another dove is flying to join his companion; behind the vase lies a quiver full of arrows. Eros, the principal figure, sits nude, with white wings, on the bench, while Psyche, clad in white diaphanous veils of muslin, clasps him chastely in her arms, leaning upon him with her head thrown back and seen only three-quarter face, but with an enchanting expression of purity. The two heads are surrounded by a silvery aureole, and the figures stand out with all their splendor of line and drawing against a background of luminous azure. The tonality of the whole picture is given by the rose pink of the apple blossom; and to borrow a term which the naturalists employ to describe the soft and delicate plumage of certain Oriental birds, and to borrow also Mr. Whistler's formula, one might say that M. Baudry's "Eros and Psyche" is a harmony in rosalbin and azure. The tones of rose, white, and sky blue are the elements of the iridescent reflexions of mother-of-pearl—the elements of the coloration which the French call *nacré*, and which would be the most appropriate term by which to characterize the coloration of the delicious and exquisite composition of M. Baudry. The originality of the arrangement of the group, the fineness of the drawing, the expression of the figures, their pose, their purity—in short, the interest of the subject, the decorative science of the grouping, and the delicacy of the color render "Eros and Psyche" one of the finest panels in M. Baudry's whole work.

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REPRODUCED in miniature (from the original, three times the size) I give below the "faire part" of the death of Auguste Bonheur, the French animal paint-



er, as something of a curiosity to the untravelled American, and with the wider interest of being a record of the living members of the Bonheur family, of which Rosa is the best known. Like the Vernets and the Dubufes, and like our American Morans, the Bonheurs are an artistic family; Madame veuve Auguste Bonheur is Auguste's widow; Monsieur Raymond Bonheur is the son of Auguste; Mdlles. Juliette and Hélène are the daughters; Monsieur and Madame Edouard Launay are also relations on Madame Auguste's side. Monsieur Isidore is the brother, the well-known sculptor of animals; Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, the sister, who has just recovered from a serious illness and generally lives at her place in By, near Fontainebleau; Monsieur Peyrol is the manufacturer of art bronzes; Madame Juliette Peyrol is the sister of Auguste, and an animal painter like her sister Rosa; one of the sons, Hippolyte, a sculptor and pupil of his uncle Isidore, and the second, a pupil of the National School of Decorative Art, who exhibited a picture at last year's Salon; Madame veuve Fauché is a relation of Monsieur Peyrol. Madame veuve Raymond, second wife of Raymond Bonheur, a landscape painter, father of Rosa, still lives with M. and Mme. Peyrol. By this second marriage a son,

Germain, was born to the family, who was a painter naturally, and who died about a year ago, leaving a widow.

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ROSA BONHEUR is now sixty-one years of age, and still she goes on working with the same energy as when a girl of eighteen, simple pupil of her father, Raymond Bonheur of Bordeaux, she used to sell her little pictures to M. Durand, the father of the present Durand-Ruel, for 300 francs a piece. Respected and honored as Mlle. Bonheur is by her compatriots, her fame in France is nothing compared with it in England and America. In a French collection you rarely find one of her pictures, and the reason is that all her work is bought in advance by Anglo-Saxon collectors, a fact due to the intervention of the Belgian Gambard, who made a colossal fortune as a picture dealer. In 1853 he bought Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Market" for 40,000 francs; made a European tour with it, and made large profits by entrance money and subscriptions to the engraving—an idea which has since been exploited to excess, especially in London. After this stroke of business Gambard had the monopoly of the sale of the lady's works; but, being very conscientious, she is not a great producer.

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IN Paris one hears very little about Rosa Bonheur. Her name is not to be found in the newspapers; her house is not open to idlers or tourists. At By, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, overlooking the Seine, she lives surrounded by a complete menagerie of dogs, cats, oxen, horses, geese, turkeys, and even lions, wolves, and tigers, studying and sketching at every hour of the day their attitudes, their manners, and their movements. When she is working Rosa Bonheur wears man's clothes and a blouse; her hair, now white, is cut short, and her fine and energetic profile makes her head resemble curiously that of Victor Hugo before he wore a beard. When the artist consents to receive visitors she dons regular woman's clothes, and it was on her woman's dress that the ex-Empress Eugénie pinned with her own hands the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1865.

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FROM a letter before me from an American art student in Paris, it appears that it is by no means so easy to enter the École des Beaux Arts as it has been. The candidate, under a new rule, has to pass a competitive examination in history, perspective, and anatomy. My correspondent thinks this "unjust, not to say ridiculous." She says:

The conditions of entrance up to the present year have always been these: Any man over fifteen years or under thirty presents his name as a candidate. If a foreigner he furnishes himself with a letter from his ambassador-minister or consul-general. Until the time that he is received as a regular member he enjoys all the benefits of the courses of study, the galleries, and the library. If he is received he must pass two examinations each year—one in March, the other in August—to keep his place in the school. As a member he may compete for the medals 1^{re} 2^e 3^e and also the Prix de Rome, unless he is a foreigner. He has the choice of three ateliers of painting, sculpture, or architecture. The professors of these ateliers are named by the Minister of Fine Arts, and hold their positions for life, at a salary of 4000 francs. The professors of the painters' ateliers at present are Cabanel, Gerome, and Hébert; of the sculptors, Cavalier, and Falguière and Thomas, lately named to take the places respectively of Joffroy and Dumont, lately deceased. The student who wishes to enter one of these ateliers must present himself to the professor at his house with a drawing or specimen of what he can do, and wait the decision of the master. One fine day last winter ten or fifteen aspirants presented themselves on the appointed day and hour on Sunday morning at nine o'clock at the house of Cabanel. For an hour, each, with his roll of drawings in hand, promenaded up and down in the salon to keep himself warm. Suddenly the door opens, Cabanel enters, seizes the drawings of the nearest, barely glances at it, brusquely addresses a word here and there, finishes the inspection in five minutes, writes a name, or two, or three, dismisses the body, and sends admissions the next day.

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WITH all his brusqueness, however, M. Cabanel is a great favorite with the students. Last winter he was invited to dinner by a large number of his former and present pupils. Mr. Henry Bacon cut off the signatures from the invitation to the master, and sent them to me as a curiosity, showing how many now distinguished artists were once in the atelier of Cabanel. Mr. Bacon says:

The invitation mentions "preceding years," when, in my remembrance, the annual dinner—the "diner du patron," as it was called—was eaten in one of Brebant's cabinets with some

twenty or thirty pupils at most around the master, who, the only gray-haired one in the assembly, presided, and looked every inch the patron. That was years ago, and now, with many well-known names absent, Bastien-Lepage on the sick-list away from Paris, Comerre, Cormon, and Chevallard not able to appear, and of all the foreigners, especially the Americans, who have at different times studied at the École des Beaux Arts, only two being present, there were about seventy ancients and "nouveaux" who sat down to the table, the "nouveaux" being but a minority in the assembly, whose heads, as a rule, showed decided signs of very mature manhood.

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THE room where the dinner was given was one of those long salons of the Palais Royal, looking out upon the pretty gardens, that has seen innumerable fêtes, balls, and dinners since it was transformed from a royal apartment into an eating-house salon. At the door, behind a table, sat a portly man in evening dress and white apron, who asked for the six francs assessment as each person entered, and in receipt for the sum allowed the guest to sign his name on the large sheet of paper that lay on the table, an autographic record of all those present. All, I should say, except the patron, though last year Cabanel came early, when only a few persons had arrived, and they were busily talking together at the farther end of the room. Next to arrive was Benjamin Constant. As he was writing his name he stopped suddenly, and exclaimed, "What does this mean? Why, here is the patron's signature!" "Comment le patron!" asked the astonished waiter. "Yes," said Cabanel, coming up with his courtly smile, "He said I must pay six francs, and showed me where to sign." "Mais—" began the waiter; but his apologies for not knowing the distinguished guest of the occasion were drowned in hearty laughter by all present, led by the patron, who merrily paid his six francs, that included wine and bread "à discrétion."

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CABANEL has been one of the professors at the École des Beaux Arts since 1863, and as the studio under his direction contains, on an average, thirty pupils, who generally remain only three or four years, the number on the roll of members who have attended the school during the last twenty years has increased, until they are now counted by hundreds; and as Cabanel has given instruction to many who never attended the government school, the number is still greater. All who remain in Paris continue to be his pupils, for although it may have been years since they left the Beaux Arts studio, he still visits them at their private studios, and gives his counsel and advice. And the master of the "anciens" early years always remains "le patron," and no matter how old these "anciens" grow they are always ready to join with the "nouveaux" in an annual dinner in his honor.

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THE generous representation allowed American artists at the Paris Salon this year does not confirm the threatened policy of reprisals which was reported. No more dignified rebuke could have been administered to our congressional Gradgrinds, who insist on taxing imported paintings than this silent rejoinder. There are individual Frenchmen, however, who are not quite equal to the occasion. M. Gervex, I am told, for instance, refused recently to accept a pupil because he was an American.

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SOME of the best pictures in the Paris Salon are as usual coming to America. Among others may be mentioned Jules Breton's "Communiantes" and "Sur la Route en Hiver" which belong to Mr. S. P. Avery; Lhermitte's "Vintage," Aimé Morot's "El Bravo Loro," Carl von Stetten's "Cleobis and Biton" and W. T. Dannat's "Quatuor" which have been bought by Mr. Schaus. Mr. Dannat sold his picture for the moderate sum of 10,000 fr. before the opening of the Salon on condition that it should be taken to America.

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THE remarkable sculptures at the Salon are Falguière's "Diana," Aube's "Statue of Shakespeare," Cain's colossal group of a "Rhinceros Attacked by Tigers," Aimé Millet's "Bust of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg," Millet de Marilly's "L'Éveil" and busts by MM. Rodin and Dalou. An original and graceful composition is M. Dumilatre's monument to La Fontaine, the basement of which is peopled by all the animals of the fables. In the sculpture department this year there are many excellent works but no great revelation of genius like Suchet's "Biblis" two years ago or Dalou's bas-relief last year.

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UNDER the title of "Salon des Artistes Indépendants, 1884" 402 artists, who with two or three exceptions have been refused at the regular Salon, have exhibited some thousand paintings, drawings, or pieces of sculpture in a vast shed in the Courtyard of the Tuileries. Formerly, when the Jury of the Salon was nominated by the Institute, manifestations of this kind were not without interest inasmuch as absence of academic qualities was sufficient to cause the refusal of a picture. Thus in 1863 the "Salon des Refusés"

contained works by Fantin-Latour, Ribot, Manet, Cazin, Harpignies, Amand, Gautier, Jongkind, Chintreuil, Whistler, J. P. Laurens, Alphonse Legros and Vollon. But nowadays matters are changed; the jury of the Salon is eclectic and their choice is equally eclectic. The consequence is that it is difficult for a picture having any real merit to escape admission to the Salon. The exhibition of the Indépendants is a proof of this; it is profoundly ridiculous and terribly bad. In no single case, to judge from the works here exhibited, need one desire for a moment to find fault with the jury of the Salon for over-severity.

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M. BOUGUEREAU, who is one of the great guns in the business working of the Salon, has invented an additional security for secret voting. Formerly the voting for the medals was performed by means of black balls and white balls. It was found, however, that sharp-eyed persons managed often to see which way a member of the jury voted and so the voting though nominally secret continued to be influenced by camaraderie and other considerations of friendliness or reciprocity. Last year both the balls were made black only one was round and the other squarish. Even this improvement was not entirely satisfactory for sharp-eyed persons detected by the sound as the ball fell into the urn whether it was round or square, and whether the voter had voted for or against a candidate. This year the round and square balls, both black, have been maintained but M. Bouguereau has had the urns padded, and so the ball falls noiselessly and the voting is completely secret.

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As an instance of the baneful influence of European and American civilization on the art industries of the East, it is worthy of notice that the government of Persia has had to prohibit the importation of the pernicious aniline dyes which have been freely used of late years by the makers of rugs in that country. The British Government should adopt some similar precautionary measure if it would have India retain its prestige for her textile fabrics. It is becoming rarer and rarer to find artistic products from the looms of India. As for Japan, European and American influence has been most disastrous. If, indeed, it is not too late, an international league should be formed for the protection of the art manufacturers of the East.

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IN response to an inquiry of a Boston correspondent, I would say that at the D'Osmond sale at the Hôtel Drouot last winter the famous Fontenoy vases were not sold, but were "bought in" by the family for 70,000 francs. Another inquirer is informed that the edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, for which Elihu Vedder has prepared the superb series of illustrations noticed last month, will be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* *

THE recent sale in Rome of the Castellani collection calls to mind an incident showing the value of a name sometimes, especially if the name be that of an expert such as this distinguished Italian. About the year 1870 Photiades Pasha picked up for £16 in Constantinople the wonderful bronze head, variously called Artemus, Niké, or Venus Victrix, and offered it to the British Museum for £500. The offer was declined. Castellani bought it, and a year or two later sold it to the British Museum for £8000. The head is of heroic size, and is evidently of the best period of Greek art. It stands in the Bronze room in the Museum, and is worthy of careful study. Hollow spaces are found in place of eyes, and yet the sculptor has given them a decided expression.

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It would be an interesting amusement for some bookworm to collect facts for a history of the price of pictures and objects of art. In the sixth volume of his "Souvenirs du Règne de Louis XIV.," M. de Cosnac has published a curious correspondence between M. de Bordeaux, French ambassador in England, and Cardinal Mazarin, relative to the purchase of tapestries, pictures, marbles, horses, and dogs. M. de Bordeaux took great pains to secure for Mazarin the artistic treasures of the collection of Charles I., which were put up for sale by order of Parliament in 1650. Most of the pictures and tapestries of this collection are now either in the Louvre Museum or in the French

National Garde Meuble. Here are some of the prices paid: the livre or franc may be calculated to have increased in value threefold since 1650. Correggio, "Antiope," 4500 livres; Titian's "Venus del Pardo," 7000 livres; Raphael's "Saint George and St. Michael," 2000 livres; Raphael, "Portrait of a Young Man," 1000 livres; Julio Romano, "Triumph of Titus," 800 livres. The tapestry of "Abraham," executed from the cartoons of Vouet, and valued at 40,000 livres, a sum which no one could afford to pay in England in 1653, was considered too dear by Cardinal Mazarin, and he refused to buy it. Later, on the occasion of the conclusion of the peace of the Pyrenees, it was presented to him by Philip IV.

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THAT is rather an original idea advanced by (London) Truth that it would pay Railway Directors to secure from artists, by handsome payment, oil paintings for waiting-rooms, of views and scenes which would entice people to visit places on the lines they direct. "What was it," adds the writer, "that brought a flood of English capitalists into the Pacific States of America?"—and replies, "Bierstadt's landscapes, which, by the by, would be just the things for advertising pictures in railway hotels." Mr. Bierstadt, no doubt, will feel complimented.

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BUT this is not the only compliment to American art. In the same number of Truth, Miss Sarah Dodson is commended for her picture "Signing the Declaration of Independence," and the reader is told that "the canvas is not too big for an ordinary Fourth Avenue parlor." The writer probably is not aware that the "ordinary Fourth Avenue parlor" is an adjunct to the drinking saloon.

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WHAT has become, I wonder, of the race of specialists who used to put in the hands and the draperies for distinguished portrait painters who could not afford the time, or were not able—which was it?—to do more than the heads themselves? A century ago the best portraitists in England were not ashamed to pay clever Italians to do the hands of their sitters. As for drapery painters, they were a distinct fraternity. The last of these was poor Peter Toms, who was freely employed by no less an artist than Sir Joshua Reynolds. The skill of Toms in this direction was said to be marvellous. Being very fastidious, he would be several hours sometimes arranging the folds of a robe; but when he had done it to his satisfaction, he would seize palette and brush and dash away with consummate skill, and soon finish his work.

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VERY large sums of money are spent every year by Americans of taste in the purchase of costly bric-à-brac, but there are some departments of connoisseurship in which our people have yet to learn the first lessons. One of these departments is that of old arms and armor. There are very few important collections in this country, because very few persons know anything about the subject. Last year Mr. Watson brought from Paris four fine full suits from the collection of M. Henri, two of them—one fluted, of about the time of Edward IV., of England, and the other engraved, of the period of Maximilian—such as are hardly to be equalled outside a museum. No one who can afford to buy them has enough confidence in his own judgment to dare pay the large sum of money asked. So the dealer, after paying heavy import duty on his purchase, takes it back to Europe, where he says that he will find no difficulty in getting rid of his bargain at a profit.

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MR. DI CESNOLA announced a little while ago that he intended to bring a suit for libel against the German archaeologist, Dr. Max O. Richter, for writing that the "Treasury of Curium" is a myth, which is what Mr. Feuardent asserts concerning the "Temple of Golgoi." Dr. Richter now writes to The Nation, challenging him to do so. In the course of this letter, he says:

In accordance with the existing law in Cyprus, under English rule, I have the right as defendant to summon the plaintiff personally, as principal witness. Of course I shall not deny myself the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the brave Colonel, and that, too, in Cyprus, the field of his so arduous labors during ten years. I hope that this pleasure will be mutual. In a somewhat prosaic but practical manner, we may then cross our weapons *con amore* (as the Italians say) on the Island of Aphrodite, of

Golgos and Paphos and Idalion, but at the same time in presence of the English commissioner, who will then have to decide whether I was justified in making the statements that appeared in *The Cyprus Herald*, October 6th, 1883.

* * *

EX-ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SAVAGE testified at the Di Cesnola trial that the director had given orders that no press privileges were to be accorded to any one but the critic of *The Evening Post* and the special salaried reporter of the Museum. Times have changed. "There arose a king who knew not Joseph." The present art critic of *The Evening Post* does not believe in Mr. Di Cesnola's scholarship, and when he called, not long since, in response to an invitation to a special press view sent to his journal, he was refused admittance. The *Times* and *THE ART AMATEUR* have for a long time been excluded from Mr. Di Cesnola's press list for presuming to criticise the management of the Museum, but they manage to bear the deprivation with equanimity. MONTEZUMA.

THE AMERICAN ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

THE Society of American Artists has this year certainly distinguished itself by making the greatest exhibition of charlatanry that the public of New York has ever been amused with. The general exhibit of William-M. Chase does not show in any respect the qualities which mark a master. There is nothing new, nothing more inspirational than one sees in any display of chic. The deference to Mr. Chase shown by the Society in placing his works on the line in such superabundance, while better pictures were excluded altogether from the exhibition, justifies the retirement from the committee of St. Gaudens and other serious men, to avoid taking part in such a travesty of selection. It will be well for American art if this convulsion be the last, and the Society of American Artists drop out of a field where, if distinguished competence is not always to be expected, at least conspicuous buffoonery is not pardonable. Among Mr. Chase's contributions a codfish alone in his "Still-life" is above mediocrity. If he were clever in his execution of these inanities, there would be some excuse for admiration of them, for even good legerdemain in painting has a certain interest; but his hand is heavy and inaccurate at the same time.

The admirers of Mr. Chase are, as was to be expected, in a majority of the exhibitors. J. Carroll Beckwith has a large composition of children and landscape, of less pretension and slightly greater sincerity than the work of his leader, but indicating as a whole pretty much the same view of the general value of art that Mr. Chase holds, as if he would say, "Be huge, be reckless; show that you are above nature and refined art alike; that you are bound by no rule or propriety, and an ignorant public will be sure to take you for great, and the learned are so few that it is of no use to bother one's self to work hard for them." This is the moral of the school of Mr. Chase.

Kenyon Cox takes a more serious view of his art in general, and his "Rose"—a nude female figure reclining at full length on a couch—is painted with great care and in parts with great success in drawing; but it is juvenile work, weak in technical qualities, and graceless as a whole. It would be unjust to rank Mr. Cox as in the train of Mr. Chase, because his qualities are of a much higher order, but as yet unformed, and his individuality, while unmistakable, is in want of a thorough training as to the ensemble of his work. His landscapes, "Flying Shadows" and "Thistle Down," are well felt, but crudely incomplete and ambitious beyond his power of management. There is no question as to Mr. Cox's abilities, but he should find company of another temper than that he seems to have chosen.

Mr. Bunker, the landscapist of the school, sends two landscapes of French subjects, heavy in color, opaque, and with nothing of the luminousness of out-doors or the care and deliberation of in-door work. It is possible that he has the qualifications of a landscape painter, but these pictures do not show it; and like Mr. Cox we advise him to change his company if he would get in a better way of study. He should learn that the lights of a landscape should have some suggestion of luminousness, and its shadows of transparency.

Mr. Sartain has a good piece of color in "The Road to the Sea," and the motive is earnestly and poetically felt. The same, with less commendation for quality

of color and sincerity of execution, might be said for Mr. Stites's "Banks of the Hudson;" but in the work of Mr. Thayer we are plunged again into the vicious characteristics of the school, which seems to have taken control of the Society. Mr. Thayer's work has evidences of great natural ability, and the "Portraits of Two Ladies" has points of great force, but coupled with affectations of nonchalance as to the completeness of his work, which are far from complimentary to the two ladies who are the subjects of his study. Mr. Thayer mistakes the nature of art if he thinks that this assumed negligence as to his details is an artistic quality; it is simply a silly affectation, a clumsy imitation of the lightness of hand of a great master of execution. It happens sometimes that a great painter in earnest haste touches lightly the details of his work, and that the accessories are only indicated, though always in their true values; but no great painter, even in his haste, ever did such work as the right hand or the further lady which rests on the hip of the nearer one: its flimsiness is studied, affected, and therefore vulgar, for all affectation is vulgar. The picture as a whole has the air of a good beginning, nothing more, and that not of a master above careful work and study. Nothing is more saddening in our art than the tendency of our younger painters of real talent to drop into the attitude of little masters who have no more to learn, and become thenceforward their own law.

Mr. Butler's "Reflections" is as shallow as any reflection can be—mere pointing at nature—and nothing can be more exasperating to a sincere lover of nature than this trifling with her most superficial appearances, and the incompleteness with which the attempt is followed out. "Reflections" is only to be noted for its audacity in attacking a difficult subject: the success is not at all surprising or impressive.

Frank Fowler's "At the Piano" begins to leave the flimsy school, though still far from solid; but what the really fine and masterly "Portrait" of Mr. Alexander has to do with this medley, any more than Mr. Porter's "Portrait of a Lady" or Mr. Lippincott's "Portrait," we cannot imagine, or how the committee which welcomes Mr. Chase's vacuities and the huge "Mauvaise Herbe" of Mr. Donoho—mere weeds of art although hugely displayed on the line—can also accept Messrs. Alexander and Butler as worthy their places on the line. There must have been a dearth of rubbish when these were well hung. Gallantry would account for Miss Greatorex's "Sketch" getting so good a place in spite of its being a sincere and really admirable study; but Mr. Millet naturally with such a hanging committee goes toward the ceiling, on the rule that careful work must be put as high as possible.

However, jesting apart, the committee deserve the moderate thanks of the public for allowing Mr. Low's "Narcissa," Mr. Maynard's "Bride," and Mr. Baker's "Silence" to be seen at all. Mr. Eaton's "Still-life" is hung where it can hardly be seen, but two studies of flowers by ladies—"Laurel" by Miss Stillman, and "Chrysanthemums" by Miss Stone—are well hung, as they deserve, being the best of their kind here. Mr. Palmer's "Oat-field" shows great natural powers, and the vicious way of painting which belongs to the Society, and which he should drop.

As to Messrs. Ryder and Blakelock, who seem to fancy that art is enough and that nature has no place in the studio, they will have to learn that if art is the end of the painter's effort, nature is the material of his study, and no such complete divorce as Mr. Ryder, especially, shows can lead to a permanent position. The groove is too narrow, even if deep, and too commonplace—it lacks originality utterly. Blakelock is wider in his range, but equally astray in his direction. There is no such thing possible as painting marines without knowing how to paint the sea, nor landscape without knowledge of the facts of nature. If art rises above the actuality of nature, it rarely goes contrary to it, and any painter who conceives differently must justify his work by exceptional power and great imagination, which neither Mr. Ryder nor Mr. Blakelock shows. They have strong one-sided feeling for color, but little for nature, and none for qualities equally as important in art as that which they seek. They have the redeeming element of true poetical feeling and sincerity, but their art is a mistake and a needless sacrifice of qualities better than those they attain.

Mr. Volk's "Accused of Witchcraft" must conclude this notice. It is a picture with much dramatic power and genuine ability in painting, but already

showing the influence of the flimsy school to a dangerous extent; the color is leathery and the execution glib and meaningless. The painter could do much better work, but he must follow a better method than that he has chosen. J. M. T.

THE MUSEUM LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE liberality of the owners of good pictures in New York and Brooklyn is sure to result in a good Metropolitan loan exhibition every summer, and is a sufficient reply to the absurd allegations of the protectionists that the wealthy picture-owners do not give the public the benefit of their pictures. There are probably few if any good pictures in New York or Brooklyn which have not been exhibited, and some of them repeatedly, and many of them have become public property by the bequest of their former owners.

Of the loans this year the most noteworthy is Gérôme's "Muezzin's Call to Prayer," a picture in the artist's best vein, which is in actualities of Eastern life. The Muezzin, aloft on his minaret, calls the faithful to their evening prayer, and the night effect over the city, spread out below in its simple verity, is one of Gérôme's happiest efforts. He is essentially a literary artist, and his gifts do not extend to the highest qualities of art; his color is frigid, his drawing matter-of-fact and severe, without any perception of that grace which belongs to classic art. In the quaint and picturesque incidents of Eastern life he finds what supplies the imagination and passion, which he has not. There are not many examples of the European masters so exceptionally representative of them as this is of Gérôme; but Troyon's "Sheep," belonging to Mr. Colgate, is surpassed in the quality of its work by very few pictures of that artist; and of all that we know of Van Marcke's painting, nothing is more satisfactory than the picture by him belonging to the same gentleman, who is also the fortunate owner of a sunset by Rousseau, which is among the best examples of its painter. Hamon's "Il faut toujours qu'il s'arrete partout,"—a little cupid led by a cord by a nymph, stopping to smell a flower with a charming action, and the nymph standing patient with the vagaries of her little prisoner—belongs to Fairman Rogers. Hamon was, of all those who have attempted the idyllic form of painting, the most fortunate, and the one to whom it was most entirely native. Of fragile physique and poetic mind he lived apart from the boisterousness of the generality of his art contemporaries, a dreamer of gentle dreams, a poet who saw in art nothing but its refinement, sympathy and grace. He died young, but one can hardly imagine his ever being old, for his pictures are always the very blossom of immortal youth; and of the lesser works he has left we do not remember one more touching or more characteristic. His art is not archæological nor literary; its charm is in its perfect sense of beauty and in the exquisite refinement of its types not less than in the subtle and opalescent modulation of his color, more touching than the work of many great colorists.

Vautier's "Mayor's Dinner" is for him more than usually complex, and dramatic in a quiet way. The chief man of the village is about proposing the Mayor's health, and he is in the gratified embarrassment of a man who does not know yet how to reply to the compliments being paid him. The Munkacsy, an interior, is not better or worse than his usual art—a collection of objects of various kinds, all painted with the same force and painful glitter, no atmosphere, no unity, no fusion of color or outline—no ensemble in fact. It impresses one like the declamation of an orator who makes a climax in every sentence, and wearies by the excess of his eloquence. He is the anarchist of painters, as Courbet was the democrat—there is no subordination and no reserve of force. He paints a chair or a bit of stuff with the same attention and the same hard unsympathetic touch that he does his heads—his pictures are marvels of force and ugliness.

Jacque has an example of his earlier and more natural style in "The Stables," belonging to Thomas A. Howell. Defregger is in his best vein in "The Little Soldiers," also from the collection of Mr. Howell; Mr. Bridgman has, to our mind, never done anything better than his "Nubian Story Teller," the property of Dr. Keep, of Brooklyn, and the "Return of the Mayflower," belonging to Fairman Rogers, is in the earlier and better vein of Mr. Boughton, whose later work never reaches this level. W. J. S.